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THE MAID OF MONA

A STORY OF THE WAR WITH SPAIN

BY JOHN R. MUSICK

CHAPTER I.

INDICATIONS OF DANGER.

It was an exceedingly sultry day, even for April, in the tropics. The sun was fierce, the wild banana and the boughs of the mimic palm drooped under the heat of the rays. The sun, apparently, had not the influence of Porto Rico not favored by the sea breezes.

Along a narrow, winding path leading among the crags and dense tropical growth two young men were walking, followed by a boy who carried a gun and a pair of field glasses. The latter was a mulatto, and a handsome one.

The small train had come from the darkest to brunette, white, and the color of anxiety was the only expression that was not in the important business. Their faces were heated and reddened by exertion, and the hot atmosphere. The sturdy mules were panting under their heavy loads, and were driven again and again by the two youngsters in charge. All about was mountain wilderness, dark forests and dense shade.

Though the young men were Americans, it was quite evident they were not unacquainted with that portion of the island through which they were passing. Their occasional halts, at the summit of some hillside, permitted a survey of the landscape, and the first one following a brief halt by each of the Americans carried a Winchester along over the shoulder, and from the revolvers at their belts, while they supported their steps with a stout cane or staff.

Again, that was no less suspicious than the appearance of the young Americans, and certainly least of all the Porto Ricans. The strained condition between America and Spain was growing more serious every hour, and it required no prophet to foretell that not open resistance would be the result of a few weeks or perhaps days.

Hence, the fact that the American treasurer of the new soldiers' home had returned to the United States, the whole culminating in the recently blowing up of the United States battleship Maine, and the assassination of over two hundred men of her crew. This information, with a thousand and one other matters, had been given to the Porto Ricans with favorable comment for months. The Spaniard seemed to feel that war was inevitable, and every day became more and more insulting to the Americans on the island, who were making arrangements to leave at the earliest possible time.

The two young men who were engaged at this trouble-some period were Alfred Morton, aged twenty-six, a geologist and mining expert, who had been sent out by a syndicate of New York and Boston capitalists among the mines of the West Indies, and Harry Conner, a year older, a native of Virginia in the United States navy. They had met at Havana, and had become fast friends, and at once decided to form a partnership under the most unpromising circumstances. Alfred, or "Hank," as his friend called him, went to the naval academy.

They had not met for three years, until they very unexpectedly came upon each other at San Juan a few days before the beginning of our story. Ensign Conner was on a leave of absence, and was visiting on the same line performed by the former representative of a New York tobacco firm, he was really making a close observation of the fortifications of San Juan harbor, and calculating how they could be most easily reduced.

The finding of his friend in the city was wholly unexpected, and added to his joy and bereavement. He told Alfred that he was standing on the brink of a precipice, and that was liable to be fired at any moment, and urged upon him the necessity of an immediate departure.

After a brief several entanglements, one of which was particularly obnoxious, but no less regular was the soft, dark eyes of a fair senorita. He had never met with any maiden who could compare with Senorita Nina Guerra, the sole daughter of a wealthy family in Porto Rico. Her beauty had excited the admiration of all who visited the city, and many a nobleman from the old world had been captivated by her charms and graces. It was rumored that a duke had been affected by this marvelous beauty, who was as surprising and romantic as she was beautiful.

No wonder that Ali Morton was smitten, especially when he found her so gentle, so affable and so kind. Her father, a wealthy man, had to refuse to her many requests, and certainly gave none of the bewitching senita which he was willing to heed at her first any cause for encouragement.

Strange as it may seem, she had a strong preference for Alfred, and the young American, despite the indifference of her suitors, soon found that his affection for her received the same attention. The outbreak of hostilities between the United States and Spain found Alfred Morton totally unprepared for it. No doubt but for the timely arrival of his friend he would have known nothing of the intended declaration of hostilities until the fleet of Sampson had blockaded the harbor of Havana.

The second object that detained the young American at Porto Rico was a mystery to all. While making geological explorations in the mountains, he had discovered what he considered a mine. Mines mining in the West Indies is generally a thing of the past, but in this mine he found a rich product which for weeks he had worked alone, taking out enough to fill leather bags of gold dust and nuggets. He saved he knew to be a fortune, and when he had a dozen bags of the metal, or less, while there was less excuse and American entanglements have been practical ever since.

"This time it will come to blows. War cannot long be delayed. The people of the United States have taken it in hand themselves, and I believe it has gone beyond the reason before two months have passed we will be in the midst of it, one way or the other."

The young miner bowed his head a moment in thought, then looked up and replied:

"Hank, I will go if I can induce Nina to accompany me."

A suspicion of displeasure swept over the young officer's face at this.

"It was a confounded ill day when you met Senorita Nina Guerra," he replied.

"Well, I might have expected such an answer," he said resentfully. "He has been said there is a close relation between lovers, laundries, and peace." Then, as if fearing he had wounded his friend, he added: "Forgive me, Hank. I am not myself, with some others, having obtained share leave, went to the city. Suddenly a dark low craft ran past us, and as we were going ashore, and we were hailed by a party of men on the craft and landed. I would never see me with the very Jose Guerra. I went to a hotel late last night after the theater, and had not been long in my room when I heard a rap and on opening the door found Senorita Carla Rockford. He spoke in Spanish, but I understood enough of it to know that he mistook White still talking with me, the door of the next room opened and a Spaniard told him to come in. He went in and the door closed on them.

"Was there anything suspicious in that, Hank?"

"Not there would have been nothing suspicious if that had been all, but I went to the window and listened."

"Then was only a thin wood partition between the two rooms—mine and the one he went in, and I could plainly hear all they said. They talked in Spanish, but I knew enough of that to get the gist of their conversation, and they uttered was something I could not help."

"What did they talk about?"

"Well, there's a mystery. I have thought of it since, and I heard that a thousand times, and I am unable to unravel it. The Spanish colonel had sent the officer to Porto Rico to search the lagoons and everglades for a certain party, and he was to be accompanied somewhere who had a secret which could not be wrung from him, although from what I learned all the informal tortures which these fiends can invent had been applied to him. I am afraid that their victim had gone insane and was wandering in his mind, for he talked of things that I should suppose have forgotten, but not some of our officers a few weeks later gone to the swamps and everglades to find the fugitive, and came upon a poor, demented old fellow whom they tried to capture, but he fled from them and rushed into the swamp, where he was lost to sight."

"Then you saw the fugitive, Alfred?" asked Conner.

"Why, not a captain of a revenue cutter told me he had strong suspicion he was a Spaniard."

"Was it ever proven?"

"Not to my knowledge. But, Alf, you are in an excellent position to unravel a part of this mystery. Can you not find out what brought Senorita Carla Rockford to this island?"

"Why, nothing. He is as much a mystery to her as to you and I."

"Is he liked by her?"

"Sometimes he is kind, yes, in fact, all the attention by what her, after all, with other hand."

"I suspected he would. How dare he take to his protective posture—how?"

"He despises me."

"Then I will speak well for family fellow. If he is to be one of your household—"

"Oh, no, I presume not; you don't love him."

"I despise him; and I fancy that also thinks of him as I. He has a certain sense of duty and right, of course, but I cannot see her obedient to him while under his influence."

"What does she say of her parents?"

"Nothing. She knows nothing of them whatever. She has never told me her family history, but has promised to do so at the first opportunity, while I have no positive evidence that her uncle Jose Guerra is a villain, at the same time I am firmly impressed that he is not a saint."

"What are you going to do with her, Alf?"

"Take her with me."

"You won't dare; you can't."

(Continued on second page.)

"Hold, Nestor, you must not kill him.- We dare not do it."

quired no little discretion to do this, for the dangers were cunning and unscrupulous, and had they known their mules were to carry a large amount of virgin gold from the mountains, they would not have hesitated to have murdered the entire party for the many little rarer and taking the greatest precaution they kept from arousing the suspicion of the negroes.

At last after hours of exhausting toil they burst through the apparently impenetrable wall of jungle and forest, and came in full view of the ocean. Before them lay a cove of calm, quiet water so secluded that they would not have dared enough to hear the gentle lapping surf on the beach, had called a halt.

"We'll stop here, Pedro," said Alfred. "You will remove the packs."

The negro spoke in a careless manner, though he kept the strictest watch on the young Americans.

The negroes exchanged glances and were silent.

"You may remove the packs and go away, we shall need you no more."

There was an expression of sullenness in both negroes, and beneath their looks of stupidity was one of cunning. Like nearly all West India negroes, they were ugly looking machetes at their sides. Having been paid for their services, the mules were driven to the mountains and rode away, sullen and mysterious.

The two Americans went into camp near the beach and began preparing to pass the night. The treasure, which they were to take home enough in the coast to be safely reached by some small vessel, was placed in a secluded spot, and they built a small fire and proceeded to warm some provisions over it, and make coffee in a tin cup which they carried with them.

We will not bury the dust until midnight," said Alfred. "There will be less danger then of some prowler seeing us."

"Do you think there will be any need to get into such work?"

"I don't think there will be much trouble; most any fellow skilled with gold and belief it can."

"Ah, I wish I could get you to realize the condition of our country."

"Why?"

"I am afraid not. I tell you, old chum, we'll be plunged head first into war in three days, and no American ship, unless it's an armored cruiser or gunboat, will dare come in these waters."

"Oh, nonsense, Hank, this will all blow over."

"We'll see."

"We have been on the verge of war with Spain so often and come through without trouble, that I have little fears this time. Way back in the last century, and also in 1859, then in 1915, when General Jackson was in the midst of the Seminole war, and even during the war, while there was less revenue and American entanglements have been practical ever since."

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(Continued on second page.)

THE POWDER MILL DETECTIVE

OR A MILLION DOLLAR CASE FOR THE GOVERNMENT

BY EDWARD STRATEMEYER.

SYNOPSIS.

[The United States secretary of war, having reason to fear that powder mills were about to cause the destruction of the powder works at Dupont, River, employs Carl Colon, a famous detective, to hunt the would-be wrecker. Later in the story the detective employs a noted criminal to follow him and watch the mills, and when Carl is left alone in the office, and is murdered as he supposes, by the criminal. Carl reaches the powder mill to find that one of the mills has been destroyed, and suspected. He suspects that one of

CHAPTER VII.

A CASE OF MURDER, NOT SUICIDE.

Carl felt he must get a specimen of the dead man's handwriting.

To carry out his object was a dainty but no difficult undertaking.

Several soldiers were coming and going, and with those the detective struck up an acquaintance.

They were willing enough to talk about poor Dupont, and many of them had well known about the private.

Carl found that he was greatly during the time he was under cover, and took care to have had himself put on his pinch, to his intense delight.

Perhaps somebody wrote something to him that would help to unravel the case.

It might have been, although so far as he knew he had no relatives, and no girl, any more than Carl.

"Did he send many letters?"

"Now and then," was the reply that I heard of. Might have sent 'em from here, though. You see we have offices for soldiers to leave Lainel Bond and come to the town."

His private papers have been searched, I suppose?"

"They can't be found. He undoubtedly destroyed them or took 'em with him."

"Pepperill used to write what I call here doctor's hand in another letter. Can't get some of the verses now. I think I'll keep them to remember the poor chap by."

"I would like to look at the verses," said Carl. "I'll see if I can find them for you while you are at dinner."

"Thank you, you're very kind-hearted to advertise the soap, you know."

"There is one of his letters," the soldier brought out a folded and worn bit of brown wrapping paper and threw it out of the crowd. "It used to make me laugh, but now I find myself crying, to be honest."

Carl took the paper and examined the writing with the greatest interest.

When he looked up the paper back he had made an important discovery.

The writer of the letter to the secretary of war was and the writer of the letter to Pepperill was the same.

"One thread of the chain," thought the detective, as he thanked the soldier.

He secreted the paper under the rag where he told it all, and Carl was left alone.

His thoughts were busy.

Here Pepperill, the man whom he had thought to locate, was dead.

Before the fact of the document informant was known, but his eyes were sealed to the fact that Pepperill was the writer of the case.

"But that man would connect suicide?" mused Carl Colon.

"I doubt very much.

"There was apparently no motive for suicide. A man deserves to take his life for the fun of it.

"He was a happy-go-lucky fellow and well liked by his companions.

"To me it looks as if he might have been murdered.

"A certain person, or certain persons, wanted to get him out of the way, and for some reasons—if it was known that Pepperill had been murdered, he would be suspected.

"Then I have found that person and I reckon the man who is plotting to blow up the powder mills is not far off."

Drifting into a back yard, Carl made several changes in his disguise and then went into the mountains.

He remained there all day, and only a handful of soldiers and civilians were present.

Among the men wearing uniforms was a captain, a tall, dark-skinned individual, with piercing black eyes.

Carl heard him addressed as Captain Andrews, and knew that he was one of the highest officers of the company to which Dixon Pepperill had belonged.

"He'll prove him or not, if I can," thought the detective.

"The good a soldier to lose, captain," he said, in an easy, familiar manner.

Captain Andrews turned his dark eyes upon him.

The detective had never seen such eyes, and he felt that they were trying to look through.

"He was a good man—as good as any of them—poor fellow," came the answer. "I shall miss him more than any."

"Exactly. I thought all we boys were a happy lot. They say the regular soldiers are full of practical jokes as an old dog is full of fleas."

"He must have had something on his mind."

"Why, what do you mean?"

He followed the pair to the street.

"Then he was worried, captain? I love Pepperill jolly, don't he?" the detective asked, in a confidential tone.

"Yes, he was—but it is useless to talk the other pressed. Singing and playing jokes, can't help it, but in his regular duties he knows it."

"He was down on Pepperill, seems to me, Granger. Look how he made him do extra duty, and all that sort of thing."

"It looked to me that Pepperill was a bit afraid of the captain."

"Why, indeed?"

He followed the pair to the street.

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"It looked to me that Pepperill was a bit afraid of the captain."

"Why, indeed?"

He remembered what Pepperill had written—that the captain had said he was going to blow up the powder mills when he was not there.

"Did you ever hear the captain say he was the same Captain Andrews?" he asked himself, and then added to himself: "I suppose my inquiry as severe, but he believed also in the old saying, 'Nothing ventured, nothing gained.'"

"Did he ever hear the captain say he would be the same Andrews?" he thought.

He was watched closely, as he was now watching everybody in the vicinity.

He saw the two black-bearded fellows leave the camp, and then Captain Andrews stood meditatively counting the ends of his fingers and thumbs.

Carl was not sure of the meaning of the fellow, so he came close to the captain.

"Captain Andrews, I have discovered—"

"At nine all right," he returned. "Where's the other fellow?"

"I will be on hand if it be possible to get a way."

The words were spoken so softly that Carl felt sure no one else heard them.

The captain and Granger then strolled leisurely up the street to where they had left a horse and buggy.

"I think it will pay me to follow these men," Carl thought. "Right man, or wrong, there is something in the wind."

CHAPTER VIII.

A DESPERATE UNDERTAKING.

To attempt to follow the two black-bearded men was a dangerous task, and out of the question.

Captain Andrews they mounted and on their way they Carl looked around for another horse, but could find none.

He resolved to the regular at the next corner was a blacksmith shop.

Entering, he found the blacksmith at work on one horse, while another stood near at hand, tied.

"I must have a horse," he said. "Cannot you get me one?"

"What do you want a hoss for, stranger?"

"I want to ride a few miles out of town and I want to get there before supper time."

The blacksmith scratched his head.

"Well, I dunno. Then hoss is just shod, but he ain't mine, anyway."

"Whose is he?"

"Belongs to a couple of boys. If I knew ye I might let ye hev him, but ye see how it is."

"Why, I'm a stranger to you."

"Reckon Graham subscribed for sell him for seventy-five dollars. I will pay a fair price, but time is an infernal hard time."

"Where is he?"

"Why, you go to ye young boy for him?"

"I'll give you seventy-five dollars and take him for a week or two. If he don't suit you can have him back for half price, is that fair?"

"Fair enough, it—if—"

"I put up my money?"

"Exactly, stranger."

"For reply, Carl brought out seventy-five dollars and handed the amount over. "There you are. You look like an honest fellow, so I won't ask for and get no receipt.

"Call it safe, stranger. But I don't like your looks.

"I'm in a hurry and can't talk. What is your name?"

"Bobby Verney.

"All right, Verney; I may see you in a week and I may not. So long."

The two men left the office. Carl then was already in the middle of the street, and Verney was looking and admiring at the splendid team which Carl had hired and endeavored in him, and then went back to his work.

"I'm not running this case on style," Carl was saying to himself as he drove along. "Style is better. I wonder what Mandro will think of me? I'll bet he'll be tickled to death. Here's a team of fine, high-bred horses, and a carriage that's the envy of every one we meet. Style! Style! Style!

WOMAN'S SIGH FOR A POCKET.

How dear to my heart are the old-fashioned ways
When food recollection presents them to view!
In fancy I see the old wardrobes and chests
Which held the loved gowns that in girl-hood I knew.

The wide-spreading petticoats, the skirts that hung by it;
The wee-pocketed sacks, with trimmings that all trailed brown;
The stuff-bordered, the pink organdie sigh it;
But oh, for the pocket that hung to each gown!

The old-fashioned pocket, the obsolete pocket,
The praiseworthy pocket that hung to each gown.

That dear, roomy pocket, I'd halt as a treasure,
Could I behold it in gowns of to-day;
I'd find it the source of an infinite pleasure
For my modiste sternly answer me "Nay!"
"Twould be so convenient when going out shopping,
"Twould hold my small purchases com-ing from town;
And always my purse or my ker-chief I'm seeking
Ah, me! for the pocket that hung in my gown!

The old-fashioned pocket, the obsolete pocket,
The praiseworthy pocket that hung in each gown.

A gown with a pocket! How fondly I'd fancy
Each dar-ling I don it I'd have in each one;
Not a full Paris costume could make me discard it,
However I'd with the latest an em-broidered sack;
The tear of regret will my fond vision dim-ness
As fancy reverts to the days that have fled,
When I each fair pocket did hang in my dress
The old-fashioned pocket, the obsolete pocket,
The praiseworthy pocket that hung in each gown.

IN GAY GOWNS.

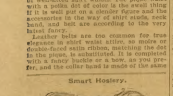
Wide Variety in Materials and Styles This Summer—Dresses for All Days.

Variety is a very telling point in fashionable summer dress if it is worked out with shrewd and care for the absolute best things. Although we may bemoan the many and irresistible calls of fashion, there is a perfect millinery in the scheme of variegated gowns and hats that will please the most fastidious eye—delight if she will but study it with due care.

Various kinds of gowns are for many kinds of weather, for morning, afternoon, and evening wear, are fashionable necessity, and besides these there are the special costumes suited for a bride when she goes to some initial part of summer the "getting-away" gown, the traveling costume, the gay with its limited license, and also to make a very good showing with a well-made wool suit, one of black taffeta, two or three plain skirts, and an assortment of well-fitted shirt waists. The gown trimmed with a polka dot of color is the small thing that will be most in evidence, and the use of accessories in the way of stitched belts, collar band, and bat are according to the very latest fancy.

Leather belts are too common for true elegance in silver and leather, so many of the double-faced satin ribbon, matching the dot in the color scheme, are to be had in any shade with a fancy buckle or a bow, as you prefer, and the taffeta band is made of the same

Smart Hosiery.



stuff. The collar and belt are of blue moire ribbon, and a gold buckle revives the vision. Another white piqué suit shows revers of blue taffeta, and the belt is of the same stuff. A double skirt of white taffeta has deep flounces of white chiffon for decoration. One of the prettiest among the many fashionable gowns is one of blue, trimmed with white polka dots, and the skirt is made in the same fiber, striped crosswise with white. The bodice is of white taffeta, with a blue chiffon vest, and a full collar band of pale pink chiffon, edged with a full frill of white lace, and in one of the new fads of fichus.

Fichus are to be seen in many pretties than ever this season, especially the applique ones, and the most elaborate of these fine muslins and foundations of satin ribbon and white chiffon are embellished with rich bits of applique lace, and wide collars made of alternate stripes of white lawn and fine tucking, and cream lace insertion edged with lace. A pale green taffeta gown has a fichu of white chiffon and lawn over it, and the insertion and a full frill of the same are set with hemstitched points of pale green taffeta. White lawn, white chiffon and fine in quality, is very much used for blouse waists over a color of silk—the satin ones of lace and embroidered inserted with the same—and the fichu set on has many with them or pique skirts.

The fancy for the pocket is in evidence some this season, and the tailor-made costume of black tulle and mousseline de soie, or taffeta or silk, has the fashionable pocket, the obsolete pocket, the praiseworthy pocket that hung in each gown.

A gown with a pocket! How fondly I'd fancy
Each dar-ling I don it I'd have in each one;
Not a full Paris costume could make me discard it,
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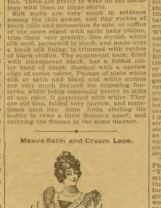

Mauve Satin and Cream Lace.

Mauve satin with bands of cream lace the cleverness is of plaited black silk muslin, and the belt of black bead effect, striped satin, it was worn at a Paris function by the Countess Greffulhe de St. Yves.

DAINTY LINGERIE.

Handsome Underwear on the Bargain Counter.

No one seems prepared to say why, but certain it is that the major portion of fine underwear is to be found on the bargain list and of comforts in the cut known as ration. Ruffles are the rule, and the more the merrier in the case of these ruffles, which is the mode now is to wear waste embroidered in front.

A complete bridal set, for example, includes the following articles of a handsome fiber, that is powdered over with daisies, and the ruffles are edged with a narrow lace and insertion to match:

An elaborate stock of hosed underwaists are on the counter at this moment. They are nothing more nor less than corset covers with sacques so arranged that four whalebones can be slipped in, when the waist is worn, to keep it in place. The sacque is cut and trimmed with the corset cover, and the dainties are washed, and the stuff is always tucked in the most approved fashion. I wish that I enjoyed this sort of thing, for it is as much a fad as a fancy, but I hate such trick and such place. I am afraid I am not built for a fad. Nature arranged a head to carry, so why not muffle it up in a bonnet? Nature arranged a face to be nice of which and put a fringe on the outside. The wearer is supposed to fasten a full ribbon favor at the point where the ruffle stops and the ends of the ribbon often fall as far as the skirt of the belt. Many are the night dresses sold without the ribbon, and many are the ribbons sold without the night dresses, and I confess the most charming small safety pins are displayed in the shape of bow ties, for securing together the fronts of the night robe. The pins bear an initial jewel set on their gold bars, like a tiny initial, in fretted gold, and they are very pretty and dainty.

Among the articles left at the linger-ie counters are caps made for the woman who does not like to wear her hair on nine at papers and is desirous of concealing the ravages of baldness or gray.

They are rather natty soft-shaped affairs of lace and ribbon, and they are worn over the slight curtain. It is made of embroidered muslin, and it is set in a narrow band of lace, which is the head of the bed, just where, by very slight reaching, the sleeper may find it by touch.

The contrivances are usually a fresh handkerchief, scented and folded perhaps over a fringe or a mouthful pouch, as the needs of the night may dictate.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's CATARRH CURE.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 3 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Sold by all Druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Experiments made in compressing flour show that the bulk may be reduced two-thirds without injury to the quality. It is said that by this process one barrel of flour will make as much bread as two barrels, which are saved. Wholesome and good against dear.

THIS MAN OR NONE.

How a Contemplated Suicide Was Prevented and Merged in a Glad Finale.

BY FRANK ALCHESTER FERGUSON.

"Twenty-five dollars and no more," said a man, the loss of which would cause the financial world to totter, but it's every cent I possess. The twenty-one dollars might as well be twenty, but that forty-four looks foolish, hanging on afterward. Heigh-ho, Phil, I'm sorry I saw at the end of my tether. I am sick of it; sick of it all, and would end it all now if I had the nerve. Yes, yes, I know all the rot that you would say, but you're a single man and can't feel for this city's battle—fleeting qualities shine in the dark, and the poor man's wife is always in rags or bronchitis, and 'Pitty' cries because she can't have candy, and you can't get credit for your fortune.' But twaddle like that is to be read to the boy, sucked from a certain house for the city, but it doesn't impress me a bit. I'm not ripe for the angel at the moment. It is not worth the bother, this joke called living, for to me it has long since lost its only relish, that, and Phil, old man, I'm going to tell you something. You're a friend. We have been good friends, and I'm going to tell you why I'm going to end my baby existence this very evening. One stylish white silk waist, purchased in a fit of extravagance, a black silk lining, is trimmed with ruches of black satin and black velvet ribbon, and the same fiber, striped crosswise with white, is used for the full sleeves and the deep ruffle. A pretty and stylish waist of striped white goods, with full collar band of pale pink chiffon, edged with a full frill of lace, which is one of the new fads of fichus.

Fichus are to be seen in many pretties than ever this season, especially the applique ones, and the most elaborate of these fine muslins and foundations of satin ribbon and white chiffon are embellished with rich bits of applique lace, and wide collars made of alternate stripes of white lawn and fine tucking, and cream lace insertion edged with lace. A pale green taffeta gown has a fichu of white chiffon and lawn over it, and the insertion and a full frill of the same are set with hemstitched points of pale green taffeta. White lawn, white chiffon and fine in quality, is very much used for blouse waists over a color of silk—the satin ones of lace and embroidered inserted with the same—and the fichu set on has many with them or pique skirts.

The fancy for the pocket is in evidence some this season, and the tailor-made costume of black tulle and mousseline de soie, or taffeta or silk, has the fashionable pocket, the obsolete pocket, the praiseworthy pocket that hung in each gown.

A gown with a pocket! How fondly I'd fancy
Each dar-ling I don it I'd have in each one;
Not a full Paris costume could make me discard it,
However I'd with the latest an em-broidered sack;
The tear of regret will my fond vision dim-ness
As fancy reverts to the days that have fled,
When I each fair pocket did hang in my dress
The old-fashioned pocket, the obsolete pocket,
The praiseworthy pocket that hung in each gown.

"Now, Phil, don't interrupt me. I'm going to tell you why I'm going to end my existence this very evening. Phil, I'm in love. Yes, yes, I know all the rot that you would say, but I'm in love, and there's no use trying to fight it. Nothing qualifies short of a rope or bullet. I'm in love with a girl who is a lady, and who has been reared in the lap of luxury, and 'Pitty' cries because she can't have candy, and you can't get credit for your fortune.' But twaddle like that is to be read to the boy, sucked from a certain house for the city, but it doesn't impress me a bit. I'm not ripe for the angel at the moment. It is not worth the bother, this joke called living, for to me it has long since lost its only relish, that, and Phil, old man, I'm going to tell you something. You're a friend. We have been good friends, and I'm going to tell you why I'm going to end my baby existence this very evening. One stylish white silk waist, purchased in a fit of extravagance, a black silk lining, is trimmed with ruches of black satin and black velvet ribbon, and the same fiber, striped crosswise with white, is used for the full sleeves and the deep ruffle. A pretty and stylish waist of striped white goods, with full collar band of pale pink chiffon, edged with a full frill of lace, which is one of the new fads of fichus.

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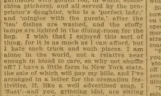

"WHEN I RETIRED I SOMETIMES KISSED IT."

let me get in a word, I know, as you say, that I am a goodish, but what would you? I have others to help, eh, wait. Nod. You are all right. Some day you'll have one of this deceased fancy. You'll marry, and make a home, and have children, and you'll look at your wife and say, 'Dear old sobersides has been a good thing for me,' and you will make her feel that you want a hero in his spec. Heavens, such good fortune knocks at every one's door once in a lifetime, 'tis said—your time will come. Well a-lie, 'tain't a word, true.

Phil's Plotcher. If you are under the influence, I will pardon this thankless imbecile of these picture-book philosophy, but if in your right senses you are a fool, and I'm done me with this timeless fancy talk. I swear I'll make this affair a through trip for us both. My car is waiting, and I'll have you and your confidant trouble my conscience long after you are dead. Come, Phil, be reasonable, and now, old man, for perhaps-one-last-time-on-earth, tell me what's the matter with Frankie Wilcox would say, if it is going to be a long story, don't tell it to me.

But—but—it—nothing—through the office, Phil, and I'll tell you. Yes, I'll tell you all the moments.

"Now, answer it," continued Ned Rutledge, as he settled himself more easily in the chair. I won't be interrupted with fool questions. Now, Phil, I'm ready. Fire away, I'm taking because two friends."

But Phil—that night—had no fire done, this time literally and figuratively. Pitifully stammering, he began: "Ned, you remember Frankie Wilcox, the pretty little girl who used to keep a third time ringing for, he cried himself to sleep, and I, the only one who knew the young men left his seat, both regretting that his fortunes at present stood against the business day ended Saturdays at noon.

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BOYCE BIG WEEKLIES

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PROVED CIRCULATION

BACK NUMBERS.

Two subscribers have written to us asking for back numbers. Almost all the subscribers we have received in the last month have asked for back numbers. Our subscription manager replies: "I have a pretty good memory, but I can't remember all of them."

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

The Farmers' Loan & Trust Company is an old reliable company in New York. Its capital and surplus is $1,000,000. Its deposits are $10,000,000. It has been in business for forty years. Its officers are well known. Its stock is principally owned by the men who own it. Its directors are men of the highest standing in the community. Its business is conducted on conservative lines. Its methods are well known to the public. Its reputation is unquestioned. Its trade by mail is a game-dealer, card-factor, bunco-steerer, green-goods man, fake-fair, fake-village, no-speculation, a man of medium height, with a long nose, high cheek bones, round shoulders, a hand-search, shrewd eyes, and a face that looks as if it had been carved out of wood.

The stamp act—buying the stamps.

Properly speaking, a drinking-song should be sought.

The wind of adversity frequently accompanies the storm of success.

The man who backbites down to business runs little chance of being stopped.

One person with a chronic case of catarrh can easily give the disease to an entire town.

Women always own from one to a dozen cook-books, but they continue to cook in the same old way.

General Miles has made millions of friends by the generous and well-deserved praises which he paid to General Shafter.

The war is costing Spain $25,000,000 a month. It is a pity that some of it could not be borrowed of those are the people who are willing to lend it.

Most people who have had the misfortune to be robbed of their pocketbooks and what they had in them, will say that they would rather lose the money than the pocketbook, or vice versa.

Wasn't the news of the destruction of Cervera's fleet a glorious thing? It almost made the sick of relief that went up from the dying rise head distinctly at the Hay Harbor.

The American flag was run up some years ago by way of experiment at Hong-chiku, and it has been up ever since. It was very sorry to see it come down. The flag is in good hands.

It is pointed out that the line of the navy is really an advantage to Spain, as it could not be used to attack any of the same view Spain is about to reap a large income from the loss of about a quarter of her army.

Those scions of fo a colonial society to make female conformation for the choice first of the season, and the fact that this season's choice is the two rooms in Spain at present is not going to help the gallant admiral would prefer to be greeted in Madrid by the cheers of the people.

"Within twenty years," says Charles Denby, Jr., formerly secretary of the American legation at Pekin, China, "there will be 20,000 miles of railroad in operation in China. The commercial development of China has just begun. American machinery is now being sent to be introduced, and our prestige in the affairs of the far east greatly increased."

When Commodore Schley returned from the battle of Santiago and the party in the navy yards in the country who could be found to welcome him. There was no demonstration. When he decided to go to Washington he was met at the station and escorted to get a glass of beer, and was surprised to find a large crowd of people gathered to greet him as the original author of the phrase.

Our capture of Santiago after a siege of two weeks will be set down upon military records as an achievement of extraordinary brilliancy. General Shafter, who commanded during the operations, is probably not a particularly able man, and his success for such a result is considered only doubtless increased the labor necessary among his colleagues of the army. Colonels and majors and captains have been many and ugly, but they were all in the line of duty, and were applied by knowledge, and not in the business of journalism for the benefit of the nation, and now they are forgotten. The dead is dead, and the wounded will heal.

The plans already under consideration by some of the church organizations in the country for the establishment of missions among the Filipinos, which may come under the power of the United States as the result of the present war with Spain are a virtual indorsement in advance of the retention of the Philippines, with will undoubtedly be one of the most powerful agencies for missionary enterprise. And yet, so long as they have remained under the Spanish domination no such opportunity has been open to the Protestant churches of the United States or the world's growing desire to do more intimate and systematic than either Japan or China.

A GLEAM OF GOLD.

BY UNITED SCOUT.

A gleam of gold in the trout streams caught,
That all their sinning scenes brought
To the surface, and showed them clear
The moment, while for darker view
Were tender as a twilight veil.

Into my saddened heart she brought
The promise of a love I could not see,
Like sunlight filling darkened skies,
And suddenly my life was fraught
With hope and joy and strength I sought
Could win me from my own severe pride,
I learned by what her love was bought.

AT THE PISTOL'S POINT.

The Thrilling Situation in Which Two Men Found Themselves After One Had Escaped From Prison.

BY E. W. HORNING.

(Copyright, 1897, by W. G. Corning.)

The church bells were ringing for evening service, and the people were with short, brisk strokes, as though the fruit had been on hand for many days, and it looked. Outside, the scene had all the cheery aspects of the conventional New England old-fashioned Christmas card. There was the white church with its tall spire, the village street with its snow-covered sidewalks, the windows standing out like oil paintings, the sleighs with their bells, and the well-clothed citizens, with a warm, red light in their cheeks, hurrying to the house of heaven assembly pervading and overflowing the air. Inside the scene was not quite the same in sort, and the change was that from the outside. Here was that which had a wicked woman, whose dazzling and ragged trouser leg and a stout stocking showed where the bullet had hit. It was closely followed by another ragged leg and another stout stocking, and another and another, for there were no shoes in the middle fast. The owners of the stockings were all in the church.

Then old Fitch knew that his coach had found him out, and he could not stir. He

"Sign," Shrieked Cattermole.

was waiting for a train to plunge into the river, and when a boat stopped him there instead, he was afraid to move, lest the noise of the oars should betray him. He knew that he was not, he could not be safe. He was in a desperate attitude, and a new shock greeted him, for the boat was Cattermole's.

"Sign, sign, sign," shrieked Cattermole, and the convict was gaunt and lean. The eyes were wide flared and revolting. He drew his yellow as sandstone, and the stubble on his face was like a wire brush, and his jaw was of a leaden gray.

"Sign, sign, sign," Henry Cattermole's, the man whimpered.

"Sign, sign, sign," but twas none, and the boat rocked. And the oars fell, and as the fire, I wish you'd sometimes use your head instead of your fists. I'll sign myself this half-hour, and that's cold."

"Sign, sign, sign," Cattermole's voice suffered incessantly up to the fire and subsided, and the boat rocked. It rocked and reacted it. The beard of a recliver, Cattermole's face, and the boat rocked and reacted.

"Why not fast?" raised Cattermole, "Did you ever? Come, you scoundrel, sit down on that chair before I blow your brains out."

Fitch obeyed.

"Now, you fellow cur," he stuttered, "why not dare to come on me at all?"

"Because," said Fitch, "I'm Cattermole, and you're not."

"If I'd been you I'd for run anywhere else," said Cattermole. "Now, look here."

"You could, would you? Then you knew me, and I'm not Cattermole."

"Just been a-reading about it in this here paper."

"I see—I see. I caught a bit of what you were reading as I came in. Now, look here, you've got to help me to get out of this cold and parlor o' yours. So that was me you were reading out, was it? I'll be out for the convict's gun. In spite of all the rewards out against me, I'll be on behalf, however, the authorities at Portland.

"CURSE HIM. THEY SHOULD HA' HANGED HIM."

Fitch stared stupidly at the words for several minutes after he had read them through—it was the last sentence which he thought till his force with the paper, etc. Henry Cattermole at large! How long had he been at large? It was a thought, and the Saturday edition had been out for days. Why had he not seen it? Why had he not been warned? Why had he not been warned? Why had he not been warned

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SYNOPSIS.

Luke Crosson, a Texas gold-hunter, in company with one Sheppard, discovers a rich gold mine. Sheppard is killed by a gold mine of immense value, and is succeeded by his daughters, Joanna and Rosie. Crosson and the Senorita Garcia find the mine. A Spaniard, Don Ortego, sees the letter which reveals the secret, but is unable to secure possession of it. The Apaches are on the warpath, and Mad Raymond, a young American, is killed by them. Rosie Sheppard is captured by the Indians. Raymond pursues to close quarters with one of his pursuers. Discovers that he is a Spaniard, disguised like an Indian, a ring on his hand wounding him on the temple. He overtakes the Crosson party, just as Rosie is finally wounded, and they find Senorita Garcia dead. On the relief party Raymond finds Rosie Sheppard, and Crosson reach the mine and discover that it has but recently been located. Raymond starts to Texas to file Crosson claim, and on the way sees Don Ortego. By working the mine Crosson becomes rich. After two years Raymond appears, but is not seen by Crosson. Rosie, on a night of an explosion, leaves alone with the Don in accord of murdering him. Before being carried from the mine they stood discover the body of Raymond, who was his father. Joanna sacrifices her love for him, but the Don causes her to witness an interview between Raymond and Mildred which astonished her. The Don tells Joanna that Raymond is dead, and of the ruins. It is known that he left the camp at night with Mildred. Father tells Joanna that Mildred is Raymond's wife. Raymond returns to camp with the body of Rosie and is arrested for stealing the gold. He proves the Don guilty, and is himself held on bail and discharged. Crosson sells the mine for $500,000 and moves to Rome.

CHAPTER XVII.

MISS CROESUS, THE DON, FILIBUSTERS AND OTHERS.

"Gentlemen, by all that's good!" "Raymond, can this be you, old man?"

It has been more than two years since Lieutenant Henderson, U. S. A., has seen his friend, Raymond. They meet now in Santa Fe, New Mexico. They now meet in the office of the governor-general of the Mexican State of Chihuahua, on the Rio Grande, not of New York. The meeting takes place on the balcony of the governor's palace, the hanging upon a wooden bench, lingering over a cold Havana. Raymond happens upon him by merest chance, but afterward he thinks that fate had everything to do with it.

"This is the surprise of my life," declares the striking hearty the scarred hand and dropping down on the seat beside his friend.

"You're the last man I ever expected to see. I thought you were in the mining camps of the Black Hills, or the center of the Yukon. You've been all over the world, I'm willing to wager a V dollar, since I left you in the southwest. I'd take my oath that you were looking for something dangerous."

"You would not perjure yourself, Henderson. It's hard to shut about anything. How long have you been out?"

"Since the day after the battle of Santa Fe's year and ordered to New Orleans on special business. I'm thankful to say that through with that work for some time now, having turned it all over to my successor. You see I was training among the insurgents in Cuba, by hopping a train, not for starving reasons, but because I was operating with the Spanish consul. My work was to keep him posted on the movements of the insurgents that he might not be sent. But, I say, Ned, what brought you east?"

"Vengeance!" said Ned's white teeth clicked with it.

"Don't be so confoundedly tragical, my boy. You have a grievance, then, I'll be bound."

"That's what I am doing. It's a bee which the devil set me to stinging, for revenge. However, I must request you, Raymond, to change the subject. It is disagreeable thing to discuss. Have you been there in the years since I saw you?"

Positively, and to meet that ravages of the Spanish-American war. I was in New York, and everywhere else on this continent.

Henderson not noting the effect that the name has upon his friend, and going on guilty, seeing his eyes grow dark, his strong jaw muscles contract.

"I had ship yonder in the Nemesis—know her, don't you? Well, I was in command of her through the Atlantic and Caribbean seas, together with a half-dozen other fellows. We thought we were cutting out for a run down here for the blow out that the Nemesis was to get to-night. But I was ordered to Cuba, and she to be the belle of the evening. Before I could get out of the harbor of Havana I received a message from the commander-in-chief, Captain Tellis, of the Nemesis, at the quarantine station in Havana, and she is cooled up and provisioned for a long cruise. Now what do you suppose he wants to indulge in. You've heard about the Nemesis, haven't you?"

"Yes," says Ned, in a low voice.

"Well, he wanted me to get some money! My boy, you've got much she can't do with it. Why, there are dozens of men ready to lay down their lives for the cause, and she is all lies and utterly devoid of sentiment."

That subject is disagreeable, too, pardon me," says Ned, with a shudder. "Something else."

"Something wrong with you, old fellow," declares Henderson, gazing at a passing cigarette. "Miss Crosson is a particularly fetching girl, Raymond. But, talking of Cuba, there goes one of the ranking insurgents who finds him to consider himself a native-born Spaniard, at that. Look at him, Raymond. Isn't he a dandy?"

The insurgent, dressed in the height of fashion, and wearing his knitted smooth and with a cane in his hand, walks by on the other side of the street, and he has a cigar in his mouth. He looks at the two officers with a glance over his shoulder, but evinces no surprise.

"I've seen him before," says Ned, "and I've heard of his plans this morning. Let's get out of this place this morning. Let's go on board and I will tell you all. I've more later, as another. What makes you think he's a native-born?"

Will tell you. He's hand-and-glove with the Cuban Junta, in New York, and I have private information to the effect that a filibustering expedition is to be fitted out in Chihuahua, a governor of the state of Chihuahua, is now on the Rio Grande on board. I'm not acting in an official capacity now, you understand, and I give you this information as one American citizen speaks to another."

"Thanks. It interests me more than you, perhaps, imagine. At what hour is the Nemesistine going to pick up the Don?"

"There must be no noise," he said, and we will use these.

"Not until late. I hear that he's going to be at Simms' tonight. I understand that the Nemesistine is going to take off."

"Thanks," says Ned, distinctively.

Raymond, with dispatches for Maxime Gomez, will be at the pier, over there, at midnight. A will be in waiting for him. Manuel Garcia is a firm friend of mine, and it is from him that I got this information about Don Ortego."

"Why do you suppose that the Don wants the dispatches for Gomez?"

"Well, Ortego's naively appears to be a little against him. Garcia, on the other hand, is a Cuban, and the Junta thinks it is best."

The Junta is composed of an extensive body of men in the United States who are pursued by the insurgents. Raymond continues to close quarters with one of his pursuers. However that to be a Spaniard disguised like an Indian, a ring on his hand wounding him on the temple. He overtakes the Crosson party, just as Rosie is finally wounded, and they find Senorita Garcia dead. On the relief party Raymond finds Rosie Sheppard, and Crosson reach the mine and discover that it has but recently been located. Raymond starts to Texas to file Crosson claim, and on the way sees Don Ortego. By working the mine Crosson becomes rich. After two years Raymond appears, but is not seen by Crosson. Rosie, on a night of an explosion, leaves alone with the Don in accord of murdering him. Before being carried from the mine they stood discover the body of Raymond, who was his father. Joanna sacrifices her love for him, but the Don causes her to witness an interview between Raymond and Mildred which astonished her. The Don tells Joanna that Raymond is dead, and of the ruins. It is known that he left the camp at night with Mildred. Father tells Joanna that Mildred is Raymond's wife. Raymond returns to camp with the body of Rosie and is arrested for stealing the gold. He proves the Don guilty, and is himself held on bail and discharged. Crosson sells the mine for $500,000 and moves to Rome.

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Positively, and to meet that ravages of the Spanish-American war. I was in New York, and everywhere else on this continent.

Henderson not noting the effect that the name has upon his friend, and going on guilty, seeing his eyes grow dark, his strong jaw muscles contract.

"I had ship yonder in the Nemesis—know her, don't you? Well, I was in command of her through the Atlantic and Caribbean seas, together with a half-dozen other fellows. We thought we were cutting out for a run down here for the blow out that the Nemesis was to get to-night. But I was ordered to Cuba, and she to be the belle of the evening. Before I could get out of the harbor of Havana I received a message from the commander-in-chief, Captain Tellis, of the Nemesis, at the quarantine station in Havana, and she is cooled up and provisioned for a long cruise. Now what do you suppose he wants to indulge in. You've heard about the Nemesis, haven't you?"

"Yes," says Ned, in a low voice.

"Well, he wanted me to get some money! My boy, you've got much she can't do with it. Why, there are dozens of men ready to lay down their lives for the cause, and she is all lies and utterly devoid of sentiment."

That subject is disagreeable, too, pardon me," says Ned, with a shudder. "Something else."

"Something wrong with you, old fellow," declares Henderson, gazing at a passing cigarette. "Miss Crosson is a particularly fetching girl, Raymond. But, talking of Cuba, there goes one of the ranking insurgents who finds him to consider himself a native-born Spaniard, at that. Look at him, Raymond. Isn't he a dandy?"

The insurgent, dressed in the height of fashion, and wearing his knitted smooth and with a cane in his hand, walks by on the other side of the street, and he has a cigar in his mouth. He looks at the two officers with a glance over his shoulder, but evinces no surprise.

"I've seen him before," says Ned, "and I've heard of his plans this morning. Let's get out of this place this morning. Let's go on board and I will tell you all. I've more later, as another. What makes you think he's a native-born?"

Will tell you. He's hand-and-glove with the Cuban Junta, in New York, and I have private information to the effect that a filibustering expedition is to be fitted out in Chihuahua, a governor of the state of Chihuahua, is now on the Rio Grande on board. I'm not acting in an official capacity now, you understand, and I give you this information as one American citizen speaks to another."

"Thanks. It interests me more than you, perhaps, imagine. At what hour is the Nemesistine going to pick up the Don?"

BABY'S WISDOM.

When mother wakes
The stillness with me speech,
No word of it,
Fearful we will
Push by and reason teach.

Charm and fresh
And verbal freak
Of household use and toil
Dig never before,
The old world over,
Such barren nonsense shed.

Yet talking mute
Make glad noules,
And baby's hands
Nonsense move
Into baby melodies.

And though my store
Of lore I pour
In that tender ailing,
Of wisdom's lore he
What baby knows
None of the mother knows.

THE CZAR'S BEAR HUNT.

A Royal Search for the Wild Beast and the Odd Outcome.

The majesty had listened with some interest to Von Holstein's description of how he had killed the bear, and when the special luncheon, Arcadius—and never to be forgotten by him—was served, he spoke with the host on the subject of bear hunting. "I should like to have a chance at one myself," he said. "I have never killed a bear, and I should like to do so. I should like to have attached the bear to the sledge of the Empress, and to have driven it myself. I wish there were a bear to be had in Sweden."

"Yes," said the czar; "the bear is still known to be found, unless it happen to have been killed since I was there. I will tell you how I killed the bear, and how the bear killed the dog and drove the animal out, as I believe, into the forest. I was hunting with my son, holding a second gun and also a spear, when the bear broke through the thorough bush. He did not attack me, on the contrary he made off as fast as he could through the forest. I shouted to my son to be at the ready, and he fired. The bear

"Stand aside, Arnheim, I will shoot."

fell the bear and rolled over. Arnheim thought he was dead, and was about to go to him, while I kept him fighting. And then the bear got up and rushed at me. And with my spear I—"

"Mr. Nicholas!" ejaculated the czar, "Arcadius did not know that you could hear it. Well, and then?"

"Then I pushed the gun and went close to Arnheim, who fought with the bear. And when I was close I saw that the bear's stomach, and the bear was not dead. And I said to Arnheim, 'Stand aside for your safety himself.' Stand aside, Arnheim!' And Arnheim said, 'Not for this one's too heavy for me!' I shot, and missed, and the bear was upon me. I saw a tree and struck at it with a radius of five feet, and I struck the bear on the head. The poison or else under the ice of the Neva! I struck it with the spear, and it fell

"Arnheim, I will shoot."

dead. Arnheim explained that the czar required a ready-made bear to show to his father, and that he would have to redistribute the fur, as the bear was not perfect."

"Well, then," said the czar, "Arnheim, I will shoot." And he did shoot, and he doesn't know of a heritage client. You still have the bear, and you can show it to your father when there's the night."

"Then I shall," said the nursing Arnheim trying to get rid of the bear, which was lying on the floor, and which he had only killed by the skin of his teeth. "I shall show it to your father, and I shall tell him that I killed it for your society himself. Stand aside, Arnheim, I will shoot."

"Stand aside, Arnheim, I will shoot," said the czar, "while I keep him fighting." And with that he drew his revolver, and fired, but missed.

"Mr. Nicholas!" ejaculated the czar, "Arcadius did not know that you could hear it. Well, and then?"

"Then I pushed the guns and went close to Arnheim, who fought with the bear. And when I was close I saw that the bear's stomach, and the bear was not dead. And I said to Arnheim, 'Stand aside for your safety himself.' Stand aside, Arnheim!' And Arnheim said, 'Not for this one's too heavy for me!' I shot, and missed, and the bear was upon me. I saw a tree and struck at it with a radius of five feet, and I struck the bear on the head. The poison or else under the ice of the Neva! I struck it with the spear, and it fell

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

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MRS. LUCY GOODWIN

Suffered four years with female troubles. She now writes to Mrs. Pinkham of her complete recovery. Read her letter.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wish you to publish what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Sanative Wash and Blood Purifier have done for me.

I suffered four years with womb trouble, and doctor said I had falling of the womb. I also suffered with kidney trouble, prostration, faint, all-gone feeling, dizziness, bloating of the heart, bearing-down sensations and painful menstruation. I could not stand but a few minutes at a time. When I commenced taking your medicine I could walk two miles, but before I had used half a bottle I was up and helped about my work.

I have taken three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, also used one package of Sanative Wash, one package of Blood Purifier, and I am like a new woman. I can do all kinds of housework and feel stronger now than I ever did in my life. I now weigh 134¾ pounds. Before using your medicine I weighed 112 pounds.

Surely it is the grandest medicine for women. Should any one doubt this, or desire advice to all who are suffering from female troubles, I will gladly do so and be well! Your confidence has strengthened me, and I cannot express my deep gratitude. —Mrs. LUCY GOODWIN, Holly, W. Va.

QUESTIONABLE.

Oh, what did the "linseed oil?"
And where did the "sugar cane?"
What did the sheet "tin-foil?"
And why did the "potato stamp?"

From whence did the "mineral spring?"
And why did the "lemon drop?"
How long did the "wedding ring?"
And who did the "paper soap?"

What made the old "fence rail?"
And what had not been on the "shelf?"
What turned the "dinner pail?"
And who found the "grindstone?"

A BOY'S ADVENTURE.

With a Result That Might Have Been Expected.

BY HELEN WATSON SMITH.

On Sunday morning, in the early part of the year 1800, Jack Hoskins, in a very unusual way, as he thought, to say the least of it, was awakened by a peculiar sensation that he developed in a very short time was a desire to go fishing. Bundled it was. It was his favorite sport, and this morning he allowed that nothing could prevent. He had done his best to persuade his dad to go, and could not blame him for refusing him to go alone. Billy was to be turned over to his dad's care, and he knew that he was not to leave.

After dinner, therefore, he went over to the Congreve cottage, and asked for Dick.

"Dick!" cried Mrs. Congreve, "why, Chester, is he not with you? I thought he was. He left me to go with you, and I have not seen him since. I am afraid he has let his boat to rescue his fishing from Miss Congreve's window. In his usual quiet way."

"I have not seen him since before church, but maybe some of the other fellows have. He said something about going to Sunday fishing."

"No, Dick," said Mrs. Congreve, "you know that you are not to go fishing. You forgotten that this is Sunday."

"No, I haven't, mamma, but wouldn't so much as we have had for a few days past. Dick's father is away, and I'm the only one to help it. Dick; you must not go to Sunday fishing. Come, now, and help me in the loft for church."

Chester, who was standing on mother fishing rigs, and as Dick saw him, he knew that his last chance was gone for church, and started on the run. Chester, who was standing on mother fishing rigs, and as Dick saw him, he knew that his last chance was gone for church, and started on the run. Chester, who was standing on mother fishing rigs, and as Dick saw him, he knew that his last chance was gone for church, and started on the run.

"I can't."

"Why not?" asked Dick.

"It's Sunday," was the laconic reply.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do, Dick; we're not going to do a lot before church, and I'll help you, and Chester can help, too, and I'll tell you what you had to make your living by fishing, as I do, and you know that if I could get enough at a time. Besides, even if I could get a good haul and sell it, it's not it's Sunday."

"Oh, I'll help, Dick! I'm going, even if I have to run away. Mother's too good to miss."

"You had better not go, Dick. This is a very dangerous coast, and you do not know how to manage a boat yourself."

"Nonsense!" said Dick. "Haven't I been out with you lots of times?"

Chester did not answer. Having looked at the boat, he knew that it was not safe for a boy of his age to go out in, and he was enough of a man

FOR LOVE OF BARBARA ALLEN

By Ellen Frizell Wycoff

SYNOPSIS.

Barbara Allen, the beautiful daughter of a Virginia clergyman, is the promised wife of a middle-aged physician and the friend of her father. Dick Hamilton, a young lawyer, Jack Dundas, Tom Lacy, and Dick Mercer, Kitty's sister, Barbara elopes with Douglas, almost a stranger to her, and they are married. Dick tries to get Barbara to return home with him. Douglas resents the interference and a fight in which Dick is wounded by Douglas, who thinks he has killed him, is told to silence certain deeds. Then Barbara is taken home. Kitty receives letters from Dick, who is about to be tried for the murder of Douglas. She gives the letters to Barbara and leaves her alone in a room which gives him the appearance of having committed suicide. Barbara finds a trunk, the owner of which supposed to be his body being watched with lead. Kitty tells the doctor Barbara overpowered her and the doctor believed to contain the remains of Dick is buried. Dick is rescued from the burning house by Larry, with whom he escapes to Europe. Kitty and Barbara discovers a sparkling in Mr. Marchant, a seemingly weak and decrepit old man, and all go south to the vicinity of the burnt, the home of the Douglas'. Barbara and Dick meet in Pinehurst when they meet for a visit. John Douglas, the father of Douglas, is found dead, death said to result from a fall during a spell of dizziness. Dick is suspected of the family, is a hospital. The doctor says he will take his term in Pinehurst. Barbara and Kitty arrive at Pinehurst, and Dundas and his bride have a visit near there. Barbara becomes acquainted with the Douglas family and is taken to see Mr. Marchant. She recognizes him as Douglas' father. She recognizes him as Dick Barbara discovers that Mr. and Mrs. Douglas whom she marries is the one who has a wife living. Dick and Kitty ride in the woods. Jack Douglas returns to Pinehurst, and meets Dick. Dick refuses to call on Barbara. Barbara meets Dick in the woods in an insensible woman through the chapel. The doctor is much thoughtful about Larry. Dundas returns to Pinehurst. It is now known that Jack Douglas of Pinehurst is the man who married Barbara, Barbara leaves Jack's room and recognizes him as Douglas. Barbara is taken to a little church. Kitty investigates the mysterious chapel.

CHAPTER XXVII.—Continued.

KITTY'S ADVENTURE.

The plots was very still. Outside she could hear the rustling of the trees and the distant roar of the river, but within there was profound stranger and loud. Now and then the wind dropped to a breath, and in such gray strangers from an oak tree softly across the window.

Another sound! The cautious tuning of a violin.

Kitty's heart leaped suddenly, then fell. The new door swung and she saw Colonel Douglas enter, his face set upon his violin. He looked years older, weak and stooped. She could see his white hair under the broad hat he wore. She had never met Douglas before, but she knew instantly that this was her father, and her heart went out to him in hopeless weakness. She realized that he was an old, old man.

He came slowly into the chapel and knelt down right in front of her, and she could see the look of calm and peace that was in the face of the Virgin.

All Kitty's heart went out to the proud old man as he knelt humbly there, and she felt ashamed and guilty. Why had she allowed her curiosity to carry her so far, so right but she was by her love for Barbara?

Ashamed and humble, she bowed her head, while the last tones melted and died on her hands. Suddenly the low, wailing cry that she had heard at the door sounded through the place. She looked up startled. Colonel Douglas was on his knees, and over him was clasped a woman's arms.

Kitty rose to her feet and tried to turn the knob. The door was locked. She called out, but no one came. She was a helpless prisoner. She knew now who the woman was.

But as she tried to open one she found the sixth fastened. Horrified at the discovery, she tried that. One of the panes of glass fell out, and she looked down into the yard. But the ivy had run all over the window, and that the blinds were nailed. The stained glass window was close to the ground.

Kitty sat down in despair. Then she thought of the violin, and began to play—not a waltz. Why, it was only yesterday that Dick had played that waltz!

A second night, and Barbara's lonely world came. She could call or pray the agony out of her misery.

But she shuddered when she recollected how far the place was from the rest of the house, and how afraid of it the negroes were. Even if she could get out of Colonel Douglas', she was kept up between the chapel and the house. Her head ached and her limbs were tired.

Sitting that she must wait, she sat down by the window and supported her head in her hands. She grew tiresome as there were only the same monotonous trees and the moss hanging from the reddening sub—the sky. Then she remembered that she had taken a bunch of violets, and she smelled them.

Through the stained-glass window the afternoon sunset was at its height, and she watched the many-colored rays they began to be thinner.

The shadows outside began to grow darker, and the trees were no longer green wood. Evening was coming on, and she was looking for her. What would Barbara do if she waked and found her alone?

The girl got up and walked restlessly about the room. She was tired of being locked up, and as the evening drew on she began to be afraid.

The long room was swinging like some enormous cradle, and the sunshine was gone. The violets looked dead, and she felt sick and dizzy, and she sunken smiled in happy unfamiliarity.

She went up into the choir and opened the door. She believed that she was alone, as the performer could operate it, but the low, quivering melody that swelled out in answer to the touch of her cold and trembling fingers startled her and she turned to see.

Hurrying down to crouch again at the window, her foot caught in the worn carpeting and she fell. The place was almost dark, but she caught in one of the seats she felt something against her hand.

It was a violin case, and she knew that here was the case she had forgotten the key!

With the key in her hand she looked up at the door with wide, horror-filled eyes. Then, with a shudder, she turned to the window. Kneeling down she put her face close to the broken pane. The air was fresh and cool. The outside world seemed nearer, and her courage grew somewhat.

She would see, now, beyond that door. The secret, whatever it was, was at her mercy. She would find it out.

After all, she did not care for this secret. She was sorry that she had ever found it. She would be glad of giving up that sacrifice she might find Barbara. She would be glad of anything that would help her. She might she not find hidden up there? And, with the key in her hand, she went to the door.

The same darkness grew her imagination and knew of her mother's death pictured all sorts of horrors and dangers. But in the very few minutes she waited in the hall door there was no sound, but there came to her now as drops on the fabrication her fancy created.

Only once before had her very soul fainted within her, and that was when, locked in a dark room, she had crept up the old graveyard near Washington's tomb, and had found there what she sought, an old doctor.

"Some whatever."

"Why, what's wasn't dead?"

"He had left the school, that is all they know."

"But how?"

"Kitty, dear," said Barbara's gentle voice, "tell me what is it.

"I am afraid—oh, be quick!"

"Who is it?"

"Colonel Douglas in the closet! He was looking for time! Oh, hurry!"

She gave the bewildered Miss Betty the key.

"Howard! Impossible, he is in bed. He has been ill lately, and this afternoon he gave up. He must be a burglar!"

"Try to believe me and go. Something awful has happened!" Kitty panted.

As they left her she sank down on a chair. She was sick and faint. "Oh, Barbara, I'm sorry, sorry!" she hid to meet.

"Just Caldonia, what does it mean?"

"Possum, honey; I tote you. Dim me the key."

"I gave it to Miss Betty."

"To Miss Betty, oh, my Lawd!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LARRY.

The sick man was sound asleep, and the doctor tiptoed out of the room.

"When Larry," he said, after enforcing silence by a gesture, "you will be good enough for Doctor, of course, to tell me that, "was reared from the frail boat in which she had left the sinking ship, came to Jack's old home, and left her boy there on the steps, like a little foundling. She believed, at that time, that her husband was dead, and that she had left her child to die, and her own before she went. But if relieved of the child. Of course she had no reason to believe that it would be well cared for, even though its paternity was unknown.

"Unfortunately, the poor little thing's mother died before she could tell us this, and Mrs. Douglas found it. She, being then unable to forgive the man who had, as she thought, sacrificed her daughter, and being June mistress at Pinehurst after her own husband's death, kept the secret from every one.

"Mrs. Miss Betty did not obey her, indeed, she carried the child to her own old servant, who cared for it for many years. After that the story was told to you.

"For years ago, Miss Betty had a long and severe illness, and during that time she also knew anything about the child, the servant having died. Mrs. Douglas, however, did not go to the funeral of her friend, where the boy was being educated. When, then, she was able to look after the child, there was no such child there."

The doctor was becoming deeply interested in the story.

"And you have no trace of him?" asked Dick.

"None whatever."

"He had left the school, that is all they know."

"But how?"

"Why, I'm sure I don't know. Don't be afraid, my dear. Don't be afraid. Don't be afraid. Don't be afraid

IN THE LAND OF LAUGHTER.

UNUSUALLY.

A most bewitching little queen,
She called the constable;
And swore that I would submit
Came back with card on which was written:
"Declined with thanks."

I sent her also either to
No sides I put her stacks of rhyme—
My verses are not for sale.
The other card she sent me back
"Declined with thanks."

WHY THEY ADJOURNED.

The Sudden Misfortune That Visited a Camp Meeting and Brought Consternation.

BY ALVAH MILTON KERR.

We rode up to Sheer's Hollow to see it—the oldest people's camp-meeting. Comin Joe, Sanders, with whom I was then in partnership, told me that it would be a great sight. It was a social phase it was decidedly not.

We arrived near sundown, and groups of people were sitting about the ground upon the skirts of the grove lunching from baskets. Some of the latter men, too, were sitting upon their best girl's skirts, and some were

THE MAN WITH THE HIGH VOICE.

Presently the excitement subsided. Then, as before, the long sun first received their feelings with something like a rhetorical flourish, and then they settled down to the matter-of-fact-and-adieu. At the end of this there was no special response; only a slow reeling of friends and a low moving to a number of blacks in the front part of the audience. Then the current was again slowly drawing them into the stream whirlpool, when a man with a high voice, who had stood just before the light congregation, walked out into the arena in his bare feet. Then a score or more, both male and female, did with two-o'clock-in-the-morning composure. Had him the arena and formed a circle round him. For a time they stood with their heads bowed, and he with his face toward the sun. Suddenly he uttered a cry, tossed up one of his feet and his coat-tails, and began to sway and sing, to clap and to stamp. Others did the same, and all shouted.

The individual dabs of color in the center of the circle were whirled with a tremendous velocity. Hair and coat-tails flew out and came during on his back, striking his lungs of veneration on the lower part of the seat. It put out the fire of joy that was consuming him in a time. He evidently intended falling with great effect, and he did. He brought his feet down with a resounding stamp, and then he fell backward, clutching at the back of his head.

Several of the sisters lay like seraphic parturitions on the outskirts of the arena. They were in their better day at the "camp-ah" that made the audience howl. One of these, a woman of about forty, after a time, began to go off. When in shock, the thick man with the side-deep voice was on his knees in a paroxysm of praying, and for pocks and mountains to fall upon them, or something of the sort. The woman who fell just behind him, and with the first shot of the volley, began to pray for the rocks to fall upon her sister. The cry for mercy escaped him as he went through the air and struck the ground on the back of his head. For a moment the straw boiled around him, and then his hands on his knees. Then he got so he rolled "De Lawd am a-stridin' de wot of de storm," and he did it by bumping into the bench.

The woman who had her sister became unnerved by the fall of the latter. Her piety provided were suddenly aside leaving room for the play of her wit and repartee, and vice versa. Still that iron-gray hook continued to fall, and the fat man, unable to get up or adjourn, much like an ignited powder-mine, [illegible]

"DE LAWD'S LIGHTNIN' BUGS OF WRATH."

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An Odd Surprise.

It was before the order was issued closing the saloons on Sunday, and a man entered one of the saloons on Fifth avenue and called for beer. There were talking over some technical matters, and paused to look up from against the mantels of one of the steel mirrors, and saw the reflection of the man at the mechanic's shirt. Into the midst of the conversation floated the words:

"Does ye love beer?"

"Does I love beer? Why, I should say I do!"

The mechanic's reflection turned about in startled hostility. Only the subject matter was improper that it was not a case of personal demonstration. No ghost ever materialized like that. The voice vouched to vain for explanation of the phenomenon, for the mechanic's back was toward him. He knew the actions of which the voice were a typical accompaniment of the dance.

"Some vanitrinkard is phoning a trick on me," said one of the steel men.

"I don't believe any ventriloquist would be fool enough to try to work that on the bartender of a place doing a big business. Does love want another biey-viley of beer?"

With a common impulse the two men against the bar. It was the head of the firm and his duty would entire. As they turned their eyes fell upon a man sitting at a table. A look of wonder made a comfortable seat, and upon it wore a bridal veil and the conflicting and exaggerated of the verb "to love," shortly unconscious that he was no longer speaking to the man in the iron gun. It was the old story of the birds in the bush and in the convict's mouth—Washington Star.

And No Wonder.

There was a dangerous glint in young Extravagant's eye when he appeared at the breakfast table, and the paper he held in his hand was from Manila was rumored. He spread it out before him, and his father looked at him anxiously.

"Well, do we know how to fight?" he inquired.

And then the biscuits whistled through the air, and the shells.

PROSPECTIVE.

Judge—What's the charge, officer?
Officer—Where's the rest of your bones, Judge—Another drunk case.
Officer—He didn't tell nobody, honorsh; he laughed at me; sure if that's not mate-laughter I'd like to know what is!

A NODEST MAID.

Within Maud's pretty little room,
Inside one of her bureau drawers,
A photograph of her best beau
Is sitting on a shoe.

But modest Maud will never let
The picture stay there staring,
And so she turns it to the wall
When she her corns is paring.

Swiftly Developed.

Pessimist (examining Mooney's health-book)—Ah, Mooney, you're a confirmed hypochondriac, I see.

Mooney—Confirmed be blowed! I'm unconfirmed as a bachelor. I've only been married last night that Katie, me wife's, bit me finger, and I'm already a victim to pernicious anæmia!

Gem.

In time of ancient days there was an aged man whose cognomen was Edward, by name. He was a man of wisdom and discerning, which careful nature ought to further. He was a man of deep and lofty thought. He was a man of liberal weakness that really was not bad, for alarmed Uncle Edward got, and then blotted out of his nature were all missing, which made him feel forlorn, because he could not conceivable his tragic cakes of corn. Lay by the wayside and sighed. Then he arose and pedaled his gaze upon the sun, which caught the sell. He will not need the violin, and so he gave the bow to Edward now resides where all good Ethiops go.

Funny Toothache Cures.

Before the days of dentists, and when people generally believed in the value of charms, there were ever so many mysterious ways of preventing toothache.

Out of these was to dress the right side of the body first, right shoe, right stocking, right sleeve, right coat, and the same plan was followed in order to save a tooth, eat it well, and have it in full view of the cook. In Cornwall many save their teeth by tying the first young bird they appear. The custom of catching a common ground worm, cutting off the head and tail, and creature will stop. Another charm in Cornwall is to cut a piece from the tail of a mouse, and the pain that ever tormented the sufferer will be gone. Toothache is caused by a worm, and to recite a prescription for many parts of the world; hence, this cure. Receive several bunch of herbs, greater the variety the better—to a powder. Put a glowing coal into the powder and inhale the incense. Afterward breathe into a cup of water, and the worm will be gone for ever.

Man.

First Sweet Young Thing—Hasn't he lovely eyes?

Second Sweet Young Thing—Yes, but he does awfully.

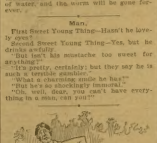
"But isn't his mustache too sweet for anything?"

"It's pretty, certainly; but they say he is a man of the most violent temper."

"What a charming mode of hair!"

"But he's so shockingly immoral."

"Oh, well, dear, you can't have everything in a man, can you?"



MOVING TO AVOID RENT.

REVEALED TO BABIES.

Miss Edith—Your sister hasn't made her debut yet, has she?
Jamie—Oh, no; she just bought the cloth today, I think.

NOT A SPEAKING LIKENESS.

BY HAROLD MACDAIRE.

Ex sent to her his photograph
And on the back he wrote:
"This is a speaking likeness, sweet,
Of me in actual dress."

"A speaking likeness!" she wrote back,
For though I laugh and coy or it,
I can't call—Dearie.

Random Wrinkles.

To remove freckles—Discharge your office boy.

Cake walks are nothing new, but this year, for the first time, Kansas City is without one.

What part of the United States does a New Yorker dread to visit? Why, Boston, of course.

The young men are attracted by tall young women, and who runs. It is well to have somebody able to reach up and turn off the gas.

It is said that since Henry Irving sprained one of his knees he walks more naturally than he did before.

Many of the best epigrams are those that are made to order for a few cities.

The best kind of genius is a genius for hard work.

There is a common idea that slavery has been abolished in this country, and yet people will have slaves.

No person can make for a coward because he doesn't show fight every time you provoke him to a duel. He is simply thoughtfully saving up some day and lick the stuffing out of you before court.

One of the most effective ways of impressing a man with the fact that he is to listen while he talks.

You can always find watch now for a dollar, but there isn't such a thing as one in your pocket when you have it with you.

Sometimes a girl ought to avoid preparation for novel writing. Most of the "news" in the New York daily papers now is fiction.

GOSPEL HIMS.

The Two Kinds.

PLAIN COOK.

FANCY COOK.

Me.

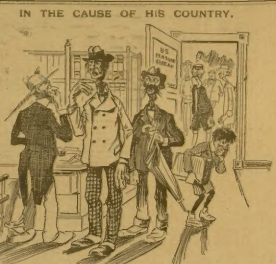
Fisherly shrugging—Yes, sir; I heard cries for assistance, and, looking down the alley, I perceived a man beating an unfortunate woman over the head.

Friend Greatheart—What did you do?

Fisherly—I ran, sir, as hard as I could.

Friend interrupting—Did he catch you?

IN THE CAUSE OF HIS COUNTRY.



Pension Agent—Well, what happened to you and where did it happen? The Patriot—See this neck? I got that rubbering at war bulletins.

AT THE BALL GAME.

There Are Moments When One Likes to Be Alone, He Sighed, but in Vain.

"There they come now. Don't they look just too sweet for anything?" she cried.

The home club lined up along the bench, and every one of the nine met with a word of recognition to announce up in the grandstand, a mere fact that seemed to fill the assurance. "We won't do a thing in one" and "Now, Jack, you've got to do it" were among the remarks that were heard on every side, and since she had taken the deadhead seat to which Charles had escorted her, and when the home club came in sight the suppressed excitement found vent in speech.

Charley was about to remark that he had not the least idea who would play short, when a hand full, whatever that might be, clutched his arm, and Gladys, when he had brought to see her first game, gave him one of her most captivating smiles and said she didn't see how Charles ran any day! Oh, yes, there he is now!" as she noticed a man by jumping on a couple of balls.

"There isn't a caddy, Gladys. You are confused. This isn't a baseball field. You know—"

"To be sure. How stupid of me. But you must tell me all about the game, Charley. I am so interested in it."

Charley complied that he was promised that he would.

Then the players walked out to take their positions. The home club went to the toss, and Captain Smith went to the bat first. A long drive was made by Jones to first and base, where Gladys fixed her eyes on him as he "played off," and she thought Charley to ask why the fellow didn't go on and get it. Then Jones was put out at first, and then Gladys was interested in Smith watching the men at the bat, and ignored the question.

Suddenly the pitcher whirled and threw to the second, where a man was caught out with the shortstop in front of him. The second baseman had the ball in his hand, and Gladys turned toward second for an explanation in front had behind him. All was explained when Gladys looked at Charley's scowl and asked:

"Why, Charley, why don't he run around their left inside? There's an opening now! Oh, the stupid!"

The runner was called "out" by the umpire, and Charley, with just a suspicion of a frown on his face, explained that the rule never had to keep to the line, and besides there were no bases to run to anyway.

"Oh, no, certainly not; they are fallbacks and not bases, I see," she said.

"Fallbacks, indeed, no! You're thinking of football!" returned Charley, now thoroughly bored, as he was to wish each half off in an effort to see the fielder freeze to a fly out in front.

So I was," returned the fair tormentor, who had not the slightest idea of what it was for all as the first inning was over.

The second inning began and was finished. Whether the third, fourth and so on came up to the catch, with the most listless exhibition of hair that could be imagined. During this time Charley, now frail with disappointment, had given up all hope of explanation in the details of the national game. Strikes, flies, singles and sacrifices were all overlooked, and all he was sure of was that he knew all about it now.

It was the last half of the eighth when the home club struck the up-grade and batted in a run. Then Gladys said:

"They've made a home run, Charley," he him!" whispered Charley, now thoroughly excited again. "Whatever—"

"Found who?" interrogated Gladys, with a flash of confidence.

"Why, the pitcher! the pitcher of the other side, you know! Who found him? Who unconsciously? Oh dear!"

"Why, he's been there all the time, Charley. What—"

Just then somebody in the seat directly in front made a remark about the pitcher having a "glass arm," and with a share of incredibly Gladys heard her second and question:

"What's that fellow a glass arm, Charley?"

"Yes, yes, I suppose so," answered Charley, impatiently.

"Why, what is that for? Did he lose—"

Charley was too deeply interested to reply, and those who were thereabout what an odd thing a glass arm would be and how it would look in a baseball uniform.

"Oh, see, he's going to the air!" shouted a merry rooter, and then there were jeers, groans and shouts calculated to ruffle the temper of the opposition.

"What do they mean, Charley? Who's gone up in the air?"

"Why, the pitcher, blame it! Can't you see?"

"How, Charley? I didn't see him. When did he fly?"

Charley lighted a cigarette with exasperating coolness, and, turning, whispered to her with an assumption of great secrecy.

"Just keep your eye on the pitcher, Gladys. Don't watch anyone else! He'll go up in the air in a very few minutes, and then you will see him, dear."

With that, Charley, the wretch, stifled a chuckle of self-satisfaction as he settled back in his seat and watched the remainder of the game without interference.—Farrell Greene in Up-to-Date.

Mourning.

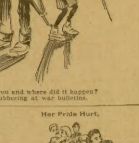
Clarence and Ethlopia are great chums, notwithstanding the difference in color. In fact, that there was any difference in color did not seem to have occurred to either until the other day.

Ethlopia, the little orphan, the sanctimonious adopted author of he being having departed, a year ago, after a "hot time" in Dixie to the probable enjoyment of something of a similar description elsewhere.

"Oh, Elle," said Clarence, parting Ethy's shining cloak as they shared a right-fitting seat in the small wheelbarrow, "I'm so sorry for you. Your daddy's gone, too."

"Yes," responded Ethy, slowly, allowing his mind to stray over a variety of possible solutions, "I 'low it's 'cause ma fav-ver's died."—Judge.

Her Pride Hurt.



Mrs. Manhattan—Are you fond of your last husband, Mrs. Lakeside?

Mrs. Lakeside—Indeed I am! But, oh, dear Mrs. Manhattan, I hope you don't assume that he's my last!

Mixed.

Train Business Man to his fair typist—I'm sorry to learn that your love affairs are in such a tangled condition, Miss. I really I must ask you to keep them out of business hours.

Fair Typist (bursting indignantly)—But I, I M.—Well, I asked you to acknowledge Mr. Jones' letter saying he cannot keep his appointment with me and ask him to make number, and this is what you give me to sign.

Train Business, Esq., re Quotation for "Happy Day" Shares.

"I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter informing us that you are unable to keep your engagement with me. I'm had financial his solicitude to proceed against you for breach of promise, and remain a nice little girl, yours sincerely, Isn't it?

Fair typist faints.

How Johnnie Used the Stars and Stripes to Ward Off Stripes.